

HUSH

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CAT

From Under the TABLE.

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The VENUS of LONGFORD.

Air——Legalaw.

First when I seen my lovely Betty,
 She appeared to me like the rising Sun,
 She struck a heat thro' all my veins,
 And ever since my heart did burn;
 If I was able to gain her favour,
 I could count myself a happy man,
 Greater than that Monarch who rules the Nations,
 Had I my jewel in wedlock band.

I am in love with that charming maiden,
 Near Longford is her dwelling place,
 She is the fairest among the females,
 For modesty and comely grace;
 I will sound her praises thro' different Nations,
 The Turkish Lands all round and o'er,
 I am her slave and my hearts a breaking,
 For no other charmer can I adore,

Her skin exceeds the fairest Lilley,
 That ever grew on the Irish ground,
 I do protest she exceeds all females,
 From Dublin city to Longford town;
 Ah! my charming creature the pride of nature,
 That has wounded my poor tender heart,
 Pity my case there is none can ease,
 Or yet relieve the cruel smart.

My lovely Betty she does disdain me,
 Because she thinks I'm but mean and poor,
 You have set me crazy my mind uneasy,
 When I think on you whom I adore;
 Had I all pleasure and wordly treasure,
 I would part with it and a great deal more,
 For to enjoy you my lovely Phœnex,
 For no other mortal will I adore.

Betty my jewel you are the fairest,
 Your equal it cannot be found,
 By you I am wounded and sore confounded,
 Cupid's chains has me cast down;
 I lie in anguish both Night and Morn.
 In the greatest torment I always be,
 Altho' your cruel my dearest jewel,
 Death will soon ease me and set me free.

One night as Betty lay in her slumber,
 She dreamed that her absent dear,
 His sorrows they were out of number,
 So that next morning she did repair;
 And to the Church she went with her lover,
 Altho' her parents did him disdain,
 The marriage rites she there put over,
 And in wedlock join'd with her darling swain.

Hush Cat from under the Table.

YOU jolly young rakes who loves for to freak,
 To sport and play with the Girls so pretty,
 Attend to my tale, while I shall reveal,
 A humorous sonnet both pleasant and witty;
 I happen'd of late - a ramble did take,
 And met with a maid, upon the highway fir,
 I address'd her so sly, she soon did comply,
 To lye in my arms until break of day fir.
Hush she did cry my Mamy's hard by
Come with me to night you shall have good quarters
Lye down very snug, like a bug in a rug,
And I will lye by you to tie up my garters.
 To Newry I came along with my dame,
 She went to a lane and I follow'd after,
 The old woman sure she ran to the door,

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While I on the floor was kissing her daughter;
The cat run about, and made such a rout,
While she in a pout, with a stick then did storm her,
Cups and Saucers were broke I laugh'd at the joak,
While the old woman groap'd for puis in the corner.

Husb cat come out in a crack,

Husb cat from under the table;

Husb cat I smiled at that,

If you had been there you'd laugh while you're able

At dawning of day I slipped away,

Without any delay I set to the road fir,

To Lurgan I came, and met with dame,

I asked her name, and place of abode fir,

I had excellent room to wave in her loom,

A girl in full bloom her name it was Nancy,

I pleas' her so well that e'er long she did swell,

For I was the lad that cou'd tickle her fancy.

When three quarters were gone she had a young son

Her mother cry'd husb a ba rocking the cradle!

Husb cheep cat, at every whack,

That eat the child's pap in under the table.

Away to Belfast I came at the last,

And there I did court my old landlady's daughter,

A comely young Girl and fit for an Earl,

So trim and so plump made my teeth to water,

She soon did comply and never seem'd shy,

Saying fifty good pounds there is left me to marry,

Now you are the lad that has my maiden head,

I'll sure be a mother if I dont miscarry.

Husb pufs come out of the busb,

Her mother did scold, wou'd bravo'd while able,

And ever since that she never cry'd stop,

But whacking the cat from under the table.

While she was in this pout, we then slipped out,

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To a beer house hardby where a room we did call for
We there took our sport and had no resort,
Shortly the old woman she miss'd her daughter,
Then out she did run, in her smock to us come,
In such a fret that I laugh'd while able,
To see the rare fun, while the girl did run,
And cunningly slipped in under the table

Hush cat get into the sack,

Hush my poor pussy lye still while you're able,

I thought it no crime to wait for my time,

To slip her poor kitten from under the table.

Her portion I got and it was my lot,
Next day to be married to fair lovely Nancy,
A house and good room shall furnish'd soon,
And three excellent looms which pleased my fancy,
Her time being come she had a brave son,
And still at the fun we laugh while we're able,
But it was my lot a good fortune I got,
By hushing the cat from under the table.

Hush cat be merry and fat,

You shall have milk while to take it you'er able ;

We laugh at the frolick without spleen or cholick

At hushing the cat from under the table.

T W E E D - S I D E

WHAT beauties does *Flora* disclose ?
How sweet are her smiles upon *Tweed*
Yet *Mary's* still sweeter than those,
Both nature and fancy exceed,
Not daisie, nor sweet blushing rose.
Not all the gay flowers of the field ;
Not *Tweed* gliding gently thro' those,
Such beauty and pleasure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,
 The linnet, the lark and the thrush,
 The black-bird and sweet cooing dove,
 With musick enchant ev'ry bush,
 Come, let us go forth to the mead,
 Let us see how the primroses spring;
 We'll lodge in some village on *Tweed*,
 And love while the feather'd folks sing.
 How does my love pass the long day?
 Does *Mary* not tend a few sheep.
 Do they never carelessly stray,
 While happily she lies asleep?
Tweed murmurs should lull her to rest,
 Kind nature indulging my bliss,
 To relieve the fond pains of my breast,
 I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.
 'Tis she does the virgins excel,
 No beauty with her may compare;
 Love's graces all around her do dwell,
 She's fairest, where thousands are fair,
 Say chaumer, where do thy flocks stay,
 Oh! tell me at noon where they feed;
 Shall I seek them on sweet winding *Tay*.
 Or the sweet pleasanter banks of the *Tweed*.

C A S T L E B E R R Y

T WAS in a village near Castle-Berry,
 A Cobler and his wife did dwell,

And for a time no two so merry
 Their happiness no tongue can tell;
 But to this couple the neighbours tell us,
 Did something happen which caus'd much
 For going to a neighbours alehouse, strife
 The man got drunk and beat his wife.

But tho' he treated her so vilely,
 What did his wife good creature do?
 Kept saug and found a method sliely,
 To wring his heart quite thro' and thro';
 For Dick, the tapster and his master,
 By the report that then was rise,
 Were both in hopes by this disaster,
 To gain the Cobler's pretty wife.

While things went on to rack and ruin,
 And all their furniture was sold,
 She seemd't approve of all was doing,
 And got from each a purse of gold;
 So when the Cobler's cares were over,
 He swore to lead an altered life,
 To mind his work ne'er be a rover,
 And love no other but, his wife.

L I V E and L O V E

L I V E and love, enjoy the fair;
 Banish sorrow, banish care,

Mind not what old dotards say,
 Age has had share of play;
 But youth's sport begin to day,
 From the fruits of sweet delight,
 Let no scare-crow virtue fright;
 Here, in pleasure's vineyards we,
 Rove, like birds, from tree to tree,
 Careless, airy, gay, and free.

The GOBLET of WINE.]

MY temples with clusters of grapes I'll entwine,
 And barter all joy for a goblet of wine;
 In search of a Venus no longer I'll run,
 But stop and forget her as Bacchus's son.

Yet why this resolve to relinquish the fair,
 'Tis a folly for spirits like mine to despair;
 For what mighty charms can be found in a glass,
 If not fill'd to the health of some favourite lass,
 'Tis woman who's charms every rapture impart,
 And lends a new spring to the pulse of the heart;
 The miser himself (so supreme is her sway),
 Grows a convert to love and resigns her his key.

At the sound of her voice sorrow lifts up her head,
 And poverty listens well pleased from her head;
 While age in an extacy, hobbling along,
 Beats time with his crutch to the tune of her song.

Then bring me a goblet from Bacchus's hoard,
 The largest and deepest that stands on the board;
 I'll fill up a bumper and drink to the fair,
 'Tis the taste of a lover and pledge it who dare.

F I N I S.

